THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, AN ESSAY UPON THE SECOND BOOK OF *VIRGILS ÆNEIS.*

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE PREFACE.

THere are ſo few Tranſlations which deſerve praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerv'd pardon; thoſe who travel in that kinde, being for the moſt part ſo unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themſelves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raiſing their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt withal

withal then this our Maſter; and the reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent, is moſt inimitable; And if even the worſt Authors are yet made worſe by their Tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (conſequently) my ſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if I can do *Virgil* leſs injury then others have done, it will be, in ſome degree to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the onely ſcope of this Eſſay, by opening this new way of tranſlating this Author, to thoſe whom youth, leiſure, and better fortune makes fitter for ſuch undertakings.'

I conceive it a vulgar error in tranſlating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whoſoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to

tranſlate

tranſlate Language into Language, but Poeſie into Poeſie; and Poeſie is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happineſſes peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at Verbal Tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it; for the grace of the Latine will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words; and the grace of the Engliſh, by being turned into the Latine Phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain Garbs & Modes of ſpeaking, wch vary with the times; the faſhion of our clothes being not more ſubject to alteration, then that of our ſpeech: and this I think *Tacitus* means, by that wch he cals *Sermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curioſity of the ear, as of the eye; and therefore if *Virgil*

muſt

muſt needs ſpeak Engliſh, it were fit he ſhould ſpeak not onely as a man of this Nation, but as a man of this age; and if this diſguiſe I have put upon him (I wiſh I could give it a better name) ſit not naturally and eaſily on ſo grave a perſon, yet it may become him better then that Fools-Coat wherein the French and Italian have of late preſented him; at leaſt, I hope, it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger or leſs then the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all his proportions) Neither have I any where offered ſuch violence to his ſenſe, as to make it ſeem mine, and not his. Where my expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our language, or my Art were defective (but I rather ſuſpect my ſelf;) but where mine are fuller then his, they are but the impreſſions which the often reading of him, hath left upon my thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe then he did almoſt in every

line

line) I erre in endeavoring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better; I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

Argument.

ARGUMENT.

THe first Book speaking of Æneas *his voyage by Sea, and how being cast by tempest upon the coast of* Carthage, *he was received by Queen* Dido, *who after the Feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of* Troy, *which is the Argument of this Book.*

THE

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

An Eſſay on the ſecond BOOK of *Virgil's Æneis*.

WHile all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks *Æneas* from the bed of State.
Madam, when you command us to review
Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſence reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more,
Not the moſt cruel of Our conqu'ering Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear, Then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which flie

The ſadr emembrance. Now th' expiring night
And the declining Stars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you, ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulſes tyr'd
The *Greeks*, ſo many Lives and years expir'd,
A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; This, Fame
Divulges, then within the beaſts vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their Troops intomb,
In view the Iſle of *Tenedos*, once high
In fame and wealth, while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open Bay)
Thither by ſtealth the *Greeks* their Fleet convey,
We gave them gone, and to *Mycena* ſaild,
And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning face unvaild;
All through th' unguarded Gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted Camp, the vacant Port,
Here lay *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles*, here
The Battels joyn'd, the Grecian Fleet rode there;

But the vaſt Pile th'amazed vulgar views
Till they their Reaſon in their wonder loſe,
And firſt *Tymœte* moves, (urg'd by the Power
Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tower,
But *Capis* and the graver ſort thought fit,
The *Greeks* ſuſpected Preſent to commit
To Seas or Flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains to' explore;
Th'uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the Tower, enrag'd,
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſperate Frenzy's this? (oh Friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit,
For our Deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not *Ulyſſes* ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry then their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the Horſes ſide, his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,

Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; And had not Fate decreed
Our Ruine, We had fill'd with *Grecian* blood
The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam's* Throne had ſtood;
Mean while a fetter'd priſ'ner to the King
With joyful ſhouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey,
Firmly prepar'd, of one Event ſecur'd,
Or of his Death or his Deſign aſſur'd.
The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
To wonder, or to pitty, or to mock.
Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the Troops that guarded him, he cryes,
What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?
Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
Incenſed *Troy* a wretched Captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice, a Fugitive, the Greeks,

To

To Pitty, This Complaint our former Rage,
Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
What of their Counsels, or affairs he knew,
Then fearless, he replies, Great King to you
All truth I shall relate: Nor first can I
My self to be of *Grecian* Birth deny,
And though my outward state, misfortune hath
Depress thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,
Whom, but for voting Peace, The Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his friend,
And Me to his commands did recommend,
While Laws and Councels did his Throne support,
I but a youth, yet some Esteem and Port
We then did bear, till by *Ulysses* craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft,
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now disdaining his unworthy end:

I could not silence my Complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wisht return to *Greece*; From hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date,
Old guilt fresh malice gives; The peoples ears
He fills with rumors, and their hearts with fears,
And then the Prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue?
Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' *Atrida* this desire
At any rate. We streight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such Mysteries) to enquire
The manner and the cause, Which thus he told
With gestures humble, as his Tale was bold.
Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tyr'd
With tedious war a stoln retreat desir'd,
And would to heaven they'had gone: But still dismay'd
By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they stayd,
Chiefly when this stupendious Pile was rais'd
Strange noises fill'd the Air, we all amaz'd Dis-

Dispatch *Eurypilus* to enquire our Fates
Who thus the sentence of the Gods relates,
A Virgins slaughter did the storm appease
When first towards *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas,
Their safe retreat another *Grecians* blood
Must purchase; All, at this confounded stood.
Each thinks himself the Man, the fear on all
Of what, the mischief, but on one can fall:
Then *Chalcas* (by *Ulysses* first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd,
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the Prophet in suspence remain'd,
Would no mans fate pronounce; at last constrain'd
By *Ithacus*, he solemnly design'd
Me for the Sacrifice; the people joyn'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate, the day drew neer;
The sacred Rites prepar'd, my Temples crown'd
With holy wreaths, Then I confess I found

The

The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
Amongst the Sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their Sails had hoist (if so they did)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father and my sons to see,
Whom, They enrag'd will kill for my Offence,
And punish for my guilo their Innocence.
Those Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal Men. By these I beg redress
My causless wrongs, and pitty such distress.
And now true Pitty in exchange he finds
For his false Tears, his Tongue, his hands unbinds.
Then spake the King, be Ours who ere thou art,
Forget the *Greeks*. But first the truth impart.
Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This Pile? to'a Warlike, or Religious end?
Skilfull in fraud, (his native Art) his hands
Towards heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.

Ye

Ye pure Æthereal flames, ye Powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye Altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred Fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only O *Troy*, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From *Pallas* favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels, and Actions took Original,
Till *Diomed* (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with *Ulyſſes* wit)
Aſſails the ſacred Tower, the Guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal Image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning, from each part did flow
A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her Statue from the ground it ſelf did rear;

Then, that we ſhould our Sacriledge reſtore
And reconveigh their gods from *Argos* ſhore,
Chalcas perſwades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of *Troy*. To meaſure back the Main
They all conſent, but to return agen,
When re inforc'd with aids of Gods and men.
Thus *Chalcas*, then inſtead of that, this Pile
To *Pallas* was deſign'd, to reconcile
Th' offended Power, and expiate our guilt,
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leaſt through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her Defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſeſteem,
Then cruel Plagues (which heaven divert on them)
Shall fall on *Priams* State: But if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A League 'gainſt *Greece* all *Aſia* ſhall contract;
Our Sons then ſuffering what their Sires would act.
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'recome,
A feined tear deſtroys us, againſt whom

Tydides nor *Achilles* could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This seconded by a most sad Portent
Which credit to the first imposture lent;
Laocoon, *Neptunes* Priest, upon the day
Devoted to that God, a Bull did slay,
When two prodigious Serpents were descride,
Whose circling stroaks the Seas smooth face divide,
Above the deep they raise their scaly Crests,
And stemme the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking Billow force.
Now landing, from their brandisht tongues there came
A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame:
Amaz'd we flie, directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons,
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with intangling folds imbrac'd
His neck twice compassing, and twice his wast,

Their poys'nous knots he ſtrives to break, and tear,
Whilſt ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear,
Then loudly roars, as when th'enraged Bull
From th'Altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring ſerpents flie
To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her ſhields extent;
We in our fears conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him, who ſtrook the Sacred Oak
With his accurſed Lance. Then to invoke
The Goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe
We all conſent:
A ſpacious breach we make, and *Troys* proud wall
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the Monſter drive
With Rolls and Leavers, thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate, the youth with Songs and Rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the Rope; at laſt let down
It enters with a thundering noiſe the Town.

Oh

Oh *Troy* the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd;
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Power
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred Tower.
Caſſandra then foretels th'event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the Gods decree:)
The Altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſt
In Feaſts, that day, which was (alas) our laſt.
Now by the revolution of the Skies,
Nights ſable ſhadows from the Ocean riſe,
Which heaven and earth, and the *Greek* frauds involv'd,
The City in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the Admirals high Poop appears
A light, by which the *Argive* Squadron Steers
Their ſilent courſe to *Ilions* well known ſhore,
When *Synon* (ſav'd by the Gods partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlockt doors
To the free Ayr the armed fraight reſtores:
Ulyſſes, Stenelus, Tyſander ſlide
Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their guide;

Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas*,
And *Epeus* who the frauds contriver was,
The Gates they ſeize, the Guards with ſleep and wine
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their forces joyn.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care
(The Gods beſt gift) When bath'd in tears and blood
Before my face lamenting *Hector* ſtood,
Such his aſpect when ſoyld with bloody duſt
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt
By his inſulting Foe; O how transform'd!
How much unlike that *Hector*, who return'd
Clad in *Achilles* ſpoyls; when he, among
A thouſand ſhips (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung;
His horrid Beard and knotted Treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood,
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The Joy,
The hope and ſtay of thy declining *Troy*;
What Region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tyr'd

With

With toyls and deaths; but what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadfull groan doth cry,
Fly from the Flame, O Goddeſs-born, our walls
The *Greeks* poſſeſs, and *Troy* confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have ſtood
By any Power, by this right hand it ſhould.
What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was don,
Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new Walls expect,
Which, toſt on Seas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect;
Then brings old *Veſta* from her ſacred Quire,
Her holy Wreaths, and her eternall Fire.
Mean while the Walls with doubtfull cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My Fathers houſe) approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of Armes, and voice of Men we hear:
Rowz'd from my Bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſe's top, and liſtning there attend,

As

As flames rowl'd by the winds conſpiring force,
Ore full-eard Corn, or Torrents raging courſe
Bears down th'oppoſing Oaks, the fields deſtroys
And mocks the Plough-mans toil, th'unlookt for noiſe
From neigh'ring hills, th'amazed Shepherd hears;
Such my ſurpriſe, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe *Ucalegon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigæan* Seas did ſhine
Bright with *Troys* flames, the Trumpets dreadful ſound,
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms I cryed, reſolv'd to throw
My ſelf 'mongſt any that oppos'd the Foe:
Rage, Anger and Deſpair at once ſuggeſt
That of all deaths, to die in Arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was *Panthus*, *Phœbus* Prieſt,
Who ſcaping with his Gods and Reliques fled
And towards the ſhore his little grandchilde led;
Panthus, what hope remains? what force? what place
Made good? but ſighing he replies (alas)
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was,

But

But the laſt period and the fatal hour
Of *Troy* is come, Our glory and Our Power
Incenſed *Jove* transfers to Grecian hands,
The foe within, the burning Town commands,
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal Horſe,
Inſulting *Synon* flings about the flame,
And thouſands more then e're from *Argos* came
Poſſeſs the Gates, the Paſſes and the Streets,
And theſe the ſword oretakes, and thoſe it meets,
The guard nor fights nor flies, Their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their Courage and their fear.
Thus by the Gods, and by *Otrides* words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where Noiſes, Tumults, Outcries and Alarms
I heard, firſt *Iphitus* renownd for Arms
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did ſhine)
Then *Ripheus*, *Hippanis* and *Dymas* joyn,
Their force, and young *Chorabus Mygdons* ſon,
Who, by the Love of fair *Caſſandra*, won,

Arriv'd but lately in her fathers Ayd
Unhappy, whom the Threates could not diſſwade
Of his Propheticque Spouſe,
Whom, when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave Spirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extreams, The ſtate of Our affairs
You ſee, The Gods have left us by whoſe aid
Our Empire ſtood, nor can the flame be ſtaid,
Then let us fall amidſt Our Foes, this one
Relief the vanquiſht have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forrage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'en ſo among
Foes, Fire and Swords, to'aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our Guide, Deſpaire our Leader was.
Who can relate that Evenings woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our Toils!
The City, which ſo long had flouriſht, falls,

Death

Death triumphs o're the Houſes, Temples, Walls,
Nor onely on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume,
And now the Victors fall, on all ſides, fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her ſhapes appears,
Androgeus firſt with his whole Troop was caſt
Upon us with civility miſplac't,
Thus greeting us you loſe by your delay,
Your ſhare both of the honor and the prey,
Others the ſpoils of burning *Troy* convey
Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake;
We making no return, his ſad miſtake
Too late he findes; As when an unſeen Snake
A Travellers unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtares, when the Snakes azure Creſt,
Swoln with his riſing Anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.
But here an eaſie victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet,
Whilſt Fortune, our firſt Enterprize, did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, *Chorabus* ſaid,

O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair Path, they lead us, let us dread.
First change your Arms, and their distinctions beare;
The same, in foes, Deceit and Vertue are.
Then of his Arms, *Androgeus* he divests,
His Sword, his shield he takes, and plumed Crests,
Then *Riphæus*, *Dymas*, and the rest, All glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mixt, with Greeks, as if their Fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the Horse, and he, whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now, the Coward, hides.
Some to their safer guard their ships retire,
But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the Gods conspire:
Behold the Royal Virgin, The Divine
Cassandra, from *Minerva's* fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting tow'ards heaven, in vain,
Her Eyes; for Cords, her tender hands, did strain:
Chorabus, at the spectacle enrag'd
Flyes in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd,
To second him, amongst the thickest ran. Here

Here first our ruine from our friends began,
Who from the Temples Battlements, a ſhowr
Of Darts and Arrows, on our heads did po wr:
They, us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.
Then from all parts *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax*, then,
And then th' *Atrida* rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from ſeveral Coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, The South and Weſt,
And *Eurus* on his winged Courſers born
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chafing *Nereus* with his *Tridens* throws
The Billows from their bottom; Then all thoſe
Who in the dark Our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrowed Arms and ſhape.
And differing Dialect, Then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us, firſt *Chorabus* fell
Before *Minerva*'s Altar, next did bleed
Juſt *Ripheus*, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue; yet the Gods his fate decreed.
Then *Hippanis* and *Dymas* wounded by
Their friends: nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety,

Nor

Nor consecrated Mitre, from the same
Ill fate could save; My Countreys funeral flame
And *Troys* cold ashes I attest, and call
To witness for my self, That in their fall
No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
Did, and deserv'd no less, my Fate to find.
Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
Slowly retire, the one retarded was
By feeble Age, the other by a wound,
To Court the Cry directs us, where We found
Th'Assault so hot, as if 'twere onely there,
And all the rest secure from foes or feare,
The Greeks the Gates approach'd, their Targets cast
Over their heads, some scaling ladders plac't
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left Arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The Battlement; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams, such Arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.

The

The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate
They tumble down, and now againſt the Gate
Of th'Inner Court their growing force they bring,
Now was Our laſt effort to ſave the King,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A Private Gallery 'twixt th'appartments led,
Not to the Foe yet known, or not obſerv'd,
(The way for *Hectors* hapleſs wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged King, her little ſon
She would preſent) Through this We paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt Battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without Offence.
A Tower ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deſcry
All *Ilium*——both the Camps, the Grecian Fleet;
This, where the Beams upon the Columnes meet,
We looſen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: mean time, nor ſtones
Nor any kinde of weapons ceaſe.

Before

Before the Gate in gilded Armour, ſhone
Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake his skin new grown,
Who fed on poys'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and yong,
Rowls up his Back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the Sun,
With him his Fathers Squire, *Automedon*
And *Periphas* who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the Court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of *Scyros* Iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof, *Pyrrhus* himſelf among
The formoſt with an Ax an entrance hews
Through Beams of ſolid Oak, then freely views
The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the Ancient Monarchs ſate,
At the firſt Gate an Armed Guard appears;
But th'Inner Court with horror, noiſe and tears
Confus'dly fill'd, The womens ſhrieks and cryes,
The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the skyes,

Sad

Sad Matrons wandring through the ſpacious Rooms
Embrace and kiſs the Poſts, Then *Pyrrhus* comes
Full of his Father, neither men nor Walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn Port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge, their ſtrokes the Gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot finde, they force.
Not with ſuch rage a Swelling Torrent flows
Above his banks, th'oppoſing Dams orethrows,
Depopulates the Fields, the Cattel, Sheep,
Shepherds, and folds the foaming Surges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extreams I ſtood,
Here *Pyrrhus* and th'*Atrida* drunk with blood,
There th'hapleſs Queen amongſt an hundred Dames,
And *Priam* quenching from his wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid:
Then they the ſecret Cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes
Of that great Race, The Golden Poſts whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſht lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a Prey.

Now, *Priams* fate perhaps you may enquire,
Seeing his Empire loſt, his *Troy* on fire,
And his own Palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms, long diſus'd, his trembling limbs inveſt,
Thus on his foes he threw himſelf alone
Not for their Fate, but to provoke his owne,
There ſtood an Altar open to the view
Of Heaven, neer which an aged Lawrel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſhold Gods embrac'd,
Before whoſe feet the Queen her ſelf had caſt
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As Doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives
And frights into one flock; But having ſpy'd
Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, ſhe cry'd,
Alas my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear thoſe Arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here We ſhall a Sanctuary find,
Or as in life, we ſhall in death be joyn'd.

Then

Then weeping, with kinde force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſacred ſeat the King ſhe plac'd.
Mean while *Polites* one of *Priams* ſons
Flying the rage of bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through Foes and Swords, and ranges all the Court
And empty Galleries amaz'd and hurt,
Pyrrhus purſues him, now oretakes, now kills,
And his laſt blood in *Priams* preſence ſpills.
The King (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear nor grief, but Indignation ſhows,
The Gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe alone th'affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his Parents Eyes his murder ſeen,
Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feignſt to be
Thy Father) ſo inhumane was to me,
He bluſht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd;
To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* reſtor'd.
This ſaid, His feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entring, rung.

Then

Then *Pyrrhus*; go a meſſenger to Hell
Of my black deeds, and to my Father tell
The Acts of his degenerate Race. So through
The Sons warm blood, the Trembling King he drew
To th'Altar: in his hair one hand he wreathes;
His ſword, the other, in his Boſom ſheathes.
Thus fell the King, who yet ſurviv'd the State,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar Fate,
Under ſo vaſt a ruine not a Grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a funeral fire to have:
He, whom ſuch Tides ſweld, ſuch Power made proud,
To whom the Scepters of all *Aſia* bow'd,
On the cold earth lyes this neglected King,
A headleſs Carkaſs, and a nameleſs Thing.

FINIS.